

TRIP TO ALASKA DESCRIBED

A Former Mahoning County Man Writes About What He Saw in the Frozen North.

The following letter was written by O. D. Ewing of Tacoma, Wash., formerly of Kanawha, to Fred Mayer of Canfield, who kindly furnished it for publication:

After a year of work it was with joy that I hung my mail pouch up to go on my vacation, having heard so much of a mystic country to the north, where ice rivers, quaint Indian villages, weird totem poles, rich baskets, old carving in ivory, land of nightless days, great cold peaks lift their pallid faces against the skies, were to be seen, and when the opportunity came, I was not long in deciding that I must see that land.

At noon on a bright August day I boarded a boat in the beautiful harbor of Tacoma, and was on my way for that land, the eleven-day trip of 2,500 miles, with nothing to do but eat, sleep and take in the sights. How beautiful our city looked as we sailed out of the harbor—the new \$600,000 lift bridge, long wheat warehouse, fine high school and stadium, and the city that lay for miles along the water front. In the two-hour ride to Seattle we passed islands and mainland dotted with farm homes among the green trees. As we neared Seattle our first sight was a 42-story cloud-tickler. Passing into the harbor that western metropolis showed up in all its glory with an afternoon sun shining on it.

Leaving by night, the lights on the circling hills gleam like a glittering necklace on the throat of the sea. What a sight to see that city fading away in the distance. After getting settled in our new home, a floating house, the only home we would have for eleven days, we retired for the night and were sound asleep when we started to cross the Straits of Juan de Fuca. The roll and toss of the boat was enough to wake us from our peaceful slumber, and a few timid ones got what they call sea sick. In a few hours we were in smooth water and forgot all about it.

Waking in the morning we saw the green shores of Vancouver Island face the hills of the mainland across the waterway between. The salt air is fresh. Tired nerves began to relax under the restful hand of the sea. How we enjoyed our first meal. Seated at the table we could see the peaceful water of the Gulf of Georgia and the many bays, inlets, narrows and snow-crested mountains. All day we traveled through this kind of scenery, and when night came was still along Vancouver Island. We are on what they call the inside passage, said to be the greatest trip in the world, as to the length. By this time we are beginning to get acquainted and find a jolly crowd, the most on their vacation, and out for a good time. At a late hour we once more retire only to be awakened when we struck the open ocean at the end of the island; although quite rough it was of short duration and we lost only a few hours' sleep.

The next morning found us among islands and scenery increasing in grandeur. Little cataraacts come tumbling down from the heights of snow crested mountains on either side. The noise of a busy city does not trouble us. We are away from civilization. At 10 p. m. we arrived at Prince Rupert, our first stop since leaving Seattle, and was glad to get our feet on land, for a few hours. We mingled with the Saturday evening crowd and found it the same as in the states, for we are now under the protection of George the Fifth. It is the western terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, and a bustling city with a great future. At midnight we were still taking in the sights.

The boundary of Alaska begins at Dixon Entrance. From here the vessel sped through Reville Gilead Channel into Tongas Narrows, another constricted waterway, and we arrive at Ketchikan, the first city in Alaska. It clings partly to a hillside with the business section along the level sea shore. In walking through the town we saw gardens that any one in Ohio would be proud of. Everything had a rank growth, and then, and there we changed our minds about Alaska being all snow and ice. The town has many very interesting sights. One of the amusements of the tourist is photographing salmon as they jump up over a waterfall, and the number of films one can spoil without getting a picture of the kind desired, is remarkable. The first Totem poles to be seen here in the Indian village on the outskirts of the town. A daily newspaper is published in the city.

Winding out of Tongas Narrows and through Clarence Strait, we pass more green shores and foamy cataraacts. A wide valley through which the turbid Stikins river empties into the sea mark the approach to Wrangell. On the hillside of an old Russian blockhouse. Half a mile from the wharf are many Totem poles. In the garden berries and vegetables grow prolifically. A large saw mill located here sends shingles and lumber all over Alaska. The old fort used by the soldiers, where Alaska was first bought is still standing. Chief Shako and his house no tourist should miss. You have not seen Wrangell until you see them. A towering mountain just back of the town seems to stand guard over the place.

Leaving Wrangell as the sun was casting its last ray across Summer Strait, the route to Petersburg lies between Mitkof and Kupreanoff Islands. Here are the Wrangell Narrows, the banks so close that a stone could be thrown ashore, a most unusual sheet of water. Passing through at night with danger signals on all sides, how slow we moved. The shadow of the hills and the water seemed only a few feet from our boat. This is a beautiful and dangerous strip of water. We now arrive at Petersburg, a fishing town of note, and at 1 a. m., much to our regret, for we are nearing the land of nightless days, we retire.

On waking in the morning we are in Stephens Passage, having passed through Frederick Sound in the night. This is a beautiful strip of water lying between snow-crested mountains with waterfalls tumbling down. Here is Gambler Bay where the "State of California" was wrecked August 17. We are now on our way to Taku Glacier, and see our first icebergs also a whale now and then; and we enter Taku Inlet. Here is a sight the equal of which is seen in few other parts of the world—a dead and live glacier only a short distance apart, the dead one on the left, gray and receding, with a wide moraine between its edge and the sea, the live one with its jagged ice cliffs rising

abruptly from the water 200 to 300 feet high and a mile wide, extending back in the country as far as eye can see. These rivers of ice keep moving down the sea and break off in great masses. Then they are called icebergs, a view that will never be forgotten. And there is no monopoly on ice.

Leaving this scene we are on our way to the Treadwell gold mine, one of the largest in the world. Entering Cassin Channel glaciers, large and small are visible everywhere. Rivers of ice fill the valleys. Treadwell is on Douglas Island, and is announced by the big scarlet oil tanks and rows of red cottages, and is the largest in the world as to tonnage. The yawning pit, or "Glory Hole," the little town away night and day the year 'round, the noise of its many stamp mills, sound like the roar of Niagara Falls many times multiplied. There are foundries and machine shops. A large clubhouse with reading rooms, baths, billiard rooms, bowling alleys, and a stage for theatricals which provide recreation for employees, so life is not dull for the thousands that are there. The mine and houses are lighted by electricity. Since 1882 nearly \$50,000,000 has been taken out. The discoverer sold it for about \$400. This shafts are down to a depth of 1700 feet. Douglas the next stop, is the residence portion of the great Treadwell. Here we find Indians offering their hammered copper and silver for sale; also at the foot of towering snow-capped mountain we saw the best gardens of any on the trip.

We now cross the picturesque Cassin Channel to Juneau, the capital of Alaska, a pretty little town at the foot of towering mountain. It is connected with Treadwell and Douglas by telephone and ferry. Fine curio stores are found here. Near this place a company is spending millions opening up a new gold mine. The several hours of an ideal evening spent here will linger long with us.

After 17 hours of sight-seeing, a big day's work, we once more go to sleep. On waking in the morning at the call for breakfast we are at the Lynn Canal. Every day the scenery seems to grow grander. We find the water edged by glacier-capped mountains from which fretting waterfalls tumble down to the sea, and we are on our way to Haines at the head of Portage Cove. It is surrounded by many profitable farms. The once famous Dalton trail started from this place. Fort Wm. H. Seward, just adjoining has one of the most picturesque situations imaginable, and is the military headquarters for south-eastern Alaska.

A short run from here brings us to Skagway, at the head of Lynn Canal, the land of high mountains. One thousand miles north of Tacoma the gardens we saw would make Ohio or any other eastern state set up and take notice; flowers everywhere; a quiet city; the starting point of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad. In the twenty mile ride to White Pass, the summit, and Lynn Canal spread out in a grandiose panorama. The hanging rock at Clifton, picturesque Pitchfork Falls, the famed Sawtooth mountain. At one point, looking down a thousand feet, we see the ruin of White Pass city at one time the largest city in the world; also the old trail to Fairbanks. At Cantilever bridge 215 feet above the canyon a vast view of mountain scenery opens on either side. This journey alone is worth a lifetime of ordinary travel.

From Skagway to Sitka the run took us back through Lynn Canal, then through Chatham and Pell Straits. Sitka, tucked away on the seaward side of Baranof Island, back of a hundred low islands with the snowy outlines of Mt. Edgecumbe looking like a dream, the ancient trading post lies wrapped in memories of by-gone days. The moss covered warehouse, Russian blockhouse, the Gracioso Russian church with a pipe organ more than 100 years old, Indian River Park, the many Totem poles, Lovers Lane, the beautiful Indian river road winding along by the sea at the edge of the forest, with gay totems flashing out here and there, or by crumbling old war canoes, Sheldon Jackson Museum, the Sitka industrial school, are all places of interest.

Leaving Sitka we are homeward bound, stopping at several fish canneries on the way. One at Punter Bay is the largest in Alaska. To see the fish start in at one end of the building and come out at the other, canned and cooked ready for the table, all done by machinery, is a sight worth seeing. Here also we had the pleasure of eating as fine strawberries as ever grew, and right off the vines. On the way back we visited Juneau, Treadwell, Douglas, Wrangell, Ketchikan, Prince Rupert, and then back to Seattle. The trip was a most interesting one, and how we saw Alaska, only touching a small portion of that big country, not mentioning any of the things that happen on a trip of this kind—how home nearly missed the boat at some of the stops, how some went without hats or coats, the entertainments in the evening of music, song, readings, lectures on many subjects, so that there was not a dull moment on the whole trip.

And as we near Seattle, where all must part, not likely ever to see each other again, all strangers at the start but now old friends, and we bid the last goodbye, it is like breaking up a home. All were satisfied that the trip was worth while—"See the Alps if you must but see Alaska first." And I went back, picked up my mail pouch, found work a pleasure, having a broader view of the world, and the feeling that it is a joy to live.

O. D. EWING.

Then They Fought.

"It's funny your wife never has a headache and my wife is always having them."

"Look at the different kinds of men they married."—Houston Post.

A man is always kicking because his wife wants dresses and hats. But if she looks shabby when he goes out anywhere with her he wants to shake her.

There is always something interesting about a silhouette skirt unless the wearer happens to be your wife.

A novel ends and the serious business of life begins when the hero and heroine are betrothed.

U. S. ATTITUDE TOWARD MEXICO

Congressman Frank Clark Would Have Florida Legislature Pass Law Prohibiting Japs Owning Land in That State.

Washington, Oct. 15.—It was learned Tuesday that the President contemplated recommending to congress at the regular session the repeal of the free tolls provision of the canal act. It has been made clear to the president, however, that if he sends in the recommendation it will stir up a large sized row in both houses. The White House has let it be known that the president has not made up his mind positively about the repeal, but nevertheless among those close to him it is understood that such is his design.

"Who wrote the Currency Bill?" "Who wrote the administration currency bill?" That is a question the senate committee on banking and currency intends to have answered. J. Parker Willis, news editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, who is reported to have written the major portion of the bill that has the administration's O. K., has been summoned to Washington to tell all he knows of the genesis of the pending measure. Mr. Willis will be required to tell how much of it he wrote, how much was written or suggested by President Wilson, how much emanated from the pen of William Jennings Bryan, how much Chairman Owen of the senate committee and how much Carter Glass of the house committee had to do with the measure.

Would Bar Japs Owning Land. Congressman Frank Clark, Florida, has sent to Gov. Park Trammel of that state a telegraphic demand that the state legislature be convened in special session to pass a law prohibiting Japanese ownership of land in Florida. The action of Mr. Clark follows the making public of the fact that a party of Japanese is now in Florida looking over the lands owned by former Gov. W. S. Jennings, first cousin of Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan.

Assumes Supervisory Powers. The administration has assumed supervisory powers over the present Huerta government in Mexico. Official notification was sent Tuesday after a cabinet meeting by Secretary Bryan to John Lind and Charge O'Shaughnessy that the United States does not and will not recognize the Huerta plans for the proposed election, and that it will not recognize anyone chosen at such election. Further instructions were sent to O'Shaughnessy and Lind to scrutinize the conduct of the proposed trial of the arrested deputies.

Caminetti Denies Report. Commissioner of Immigration Caminetti gave out a signed statement last night, which says in part: "The report that the bureau of immigration, or department of labor, or any officer of either had decided or intimated that Mrs. Emmeline Parkhurst will, on her arrival at New York, be held for extradition on the ground of her being a spy, is a baseless and untrue report. The bureau and the department have no power to order admission or rejection, except on appeal."

Ohio Man Gets Wealth. Sailor Walks Many Miles and Proves He is the Only Heir to a Large Estate.

London, Ontario, Oct. 15.—Too poor to travel in any other way, Charles Rowe, a sailor of Lorain, O., walked from that city to London, via Detroit, and was declared the heir to a substantial fortune.

County Judge MacBeth has just decided that Rowe is the only survivor of the families of Richard and Luke Rispin, and as such is entitled to their property, the value of which has not been announced. Rowe heard of the death of his uncle, Luke Rispin, and being unable to pay his transportation, walked the entire distance to London to establish his claim.

Boy Writes Upside Down. Huntington, W. Va., Oct. 15.—Russell Baker, eight, who has been attending school here for two years, writes all his figures and letters upside down. He also sings his high notes low and his low notes high.

Judge Resigns, Seeks Mayoralty. Columbus, O., Oct. 15.—Judge Charles E. Clittenden of the Sixth judicial district court of appeals, tendered his resignation to Gov. Cox so that he may be a candidate for mayor of Toledo.

Girl Is Killed by Train. Port Clinton, O., Oct. 15.—While crossing the Lake Shore tracks, the seven-year-old daughter of H. Aufderheide, Oak Harbor, was run down and killed by a freight engine.

Foss to Run Independent. Boston, Oct. 15.—Gov. Eugene N. Foss of Massachusetts, three times elected as a Democrat, has filed nomination papers as an independent candidate for re-election.

Chronic Dyspepsia. The following unsolicited testimonial should certainly be sufficient to give hope and courage to persons afflicted with chronic dyspepsia: "I have been a chronic dyspeptic for years, and of all the medicine I have taken, Chamberlain's Tablets have done me more good than anything else," says W. G. Matson, No. 7 Sherman St., Haverhill, N. Y. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

Henry A. Johnston, a business man of L'Anse, Mich., writes: "For years, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs and colds has been our family medicine. We give it to our children who like it on account of its pleasant taste. It is a safe cure for coughs and colds." It contains no opiates. F. A. Morris, Canfield.—Adv.

No Time for Oratory. It's one good thing for all of us, and also for our noses, that the banquet season's not on till Hayfever season closes.

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SECURED A LEGAL OPINION

Farmer Desired to Know Just Exactly Where He "Was At," and Probably He Does.

"You are a lawyer, aren't you?" asked the young farmer.

"Yes," replied the young lawyer genially to his first client, offering a chair and assuming a fine nonchalance.

"Well, I want to know why it is unlawful to kill rabbits."

"Well," said the lawyer, "it is against the law in this state to kill rabbits in the closed season, which includes the summer months, and you can't shoot them at any time without a license."

"Well, s'posin' they get into my cantaloupes. Can't I shoot 'em for trespassin'?"

"No, you can't shoot a rabbit for trespassing. The only thing you can do is to have him arrested."

"If he comes into my house I can shoot him, can't I?"

"Not unless he breaks in. If you leave the door open and he walks in you must not shoot him. But if he accidentally falls into a pot of boiling water you can make soup of him, I suppose."

"It seems to me the rabbit has a great advantage over me. He can eat my cantaloupes and cabbages, but I can't do anything with him."

"You can scare him if you wish. You can shoot at him, but you must not hit him. The rabbit has this advantage over the cantaloupe, too—if you shoot at the rabbit and hit a cantaloupe it is all right. No harm done. But if you shoot at a cantaloupe and hit a rabbit it is a fine and imprisonment."

"However, in the open season all you have to do is get a license and you can go and shoot rabbits or cantaloupes either."

"As you see, you will then have all the advantage. You can get a license and the rabbit cannot, and you can shoot, a privilege denied to cantaloupes. You really have quite an advantage."

"My fee is \$5. Thank you, very much."—Chicago News.

INNOVATION MAY NOT WORK

Weak Human Nature Likely to Spoil Laudable Move Made by an Eastern Railroad.

In announcing a breakfast car service for commuters an eastern railroad evidently seeks to discourage the reprehensible practice of sprinting for the morning train, and the still more reprehensible practice of missing it. But there appears some danger that the innovation may fall of its laudable purpose, remarks the Newark Star. The average commuter's last moments are too deeply ingrained to be broken. The time saved by not breakfasting at home will be devoted to 40 extra yawns. As it is now, when Mr. Howson Lot, of Lonesomehurst, hears the chugging of his train leaving the station, he spreads out the road it is the signal for him as he struggles with his necktie to yell down stairs, "Maria, have Bridget pour the coffee. Under the new order of things the same sound will be the reveille for him to jump out of bed and shed his pajamas. And then, too, what about the card playing contingent? How can the commuter expect to reach his office in a proper frame of mind for business if he has been wasting upon breakfast the time consecrated to the regular morning game? Pinocle and pancakes are plainly incompatible.

A man with a grouch can find fault where it doesn't exist.

Sunday Should Be Chosen for Day of Rest

By Mrs. R. O. Allison, Comanche, Texas

All laboring people, especially those who live on farms, should have one day in each week on which to rest and read.

Sunday should be chosen for this. See that the house is in order and all dishes washed Saturday night.

For breakfast Sunday serve some prepared cereal with sugar, cream and fruit, if obtainable. Set breakfast dishes in the sink and turn on water. When clean, dry and set away, not forgetting to sterilize before using next day.

For dinner serve on dainty Japanese napkins sandwiches made of cold meat and light bread, prepared the day previous. Salmon or chicken salad, beef roast or boiled ham make nice sandwiches and there are numbers of side dishes, such as vegetable salads, sliced sweet potatoes and deviled eggs, which may be prepared ready and served without using more dishes.

A palatable dessert may be made of plain cake and iced tea. Then treat the tea glasses as the breakfast dishes.

Supper may be similar to dinner, but should be lighter. A pleasing variety in the dessert may be had by serving fresh fruit with lemonade.

If there are children in the family they will enjoy having their lunch placed in a basket and being allowed to eat in the yard or orchard, picnic fashion. The older ones, too, enjoy having their meals in the sitting-room or on the porch.

This plan affords a pleasant change from the every-day dining-room meals, eliminates cooking and dish washing and enables the housekeeper to make Sunday a day of rest, as everyone should.

Serum to Check Deadly March of Plague

By Wilton J. Berger, Birmingham, Ala.

Much progress has been made in this great work in that today there are two remedies being practically tried out. While the Friedmann turtle serum has failed in advanced cases, yet it has probably checked some incipient cases, particularly in that form of tuberculosis which attacks the muscles and limbs. An American doctor has today announced a culture cure for tuberculosis. So, I say, there is yet hope that we shall master this dread disease.

It was a great discovery when fully proven that tuberculosis is not hereditary, but very contagious. Now we learn that cancer is contagious, but taken in its earlier stages may be destroyed by the knife or by other heroic treatment, such as powerful tissue destroying ointments; also there are claims of cures by the electric needle.

The humanitarians who have made generous contributions for pathological research are great friends of the human race; and coeval with them are those noble men of science who are bending every faculty to the finding of the much sought cures for deadly diseases.

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Prompt and Satisfactory Mail Order Service

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NEW---FROM JAPAN

Japanese Toweling a rich oriental fabric in blue and white effects. Used for lunch cloths, napkins, dresser covers, table covers and decorative work. This oriental fabric is also sold by the yard for drapery purposes. Made of pure cotton and guaranteed to wash.

36x36-inch Table Covers, 75c.
50x50-inch Table Covers, \$1.50.
62x62-inch Table Covers, \$2.25.
20x54-inch Dresser Covers, 75c

These fabrics add the touch of oriental splendor that so many people seek in their homes.

Special Distribution of ORIENTAL RUGS

Owing to the recent tariff reductions and the desire on the part of large rug importers to reduce stock and adjust themselves to the present market conditions, we were able to purchase a large number of genuine Oriental Rugs and Carpets at a very low price, and will share with our customers the price advantage in this purchase.

THE G. M. McKELVEY COMPANY

YOU'LL BE A MAN.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you;
But make allowance for their doubts;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting;
Or being lied about don't deal in lies;
Or being hated don't give way to hating;
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools;
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginning;
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you;
Except the will which says to them:
"Hold on!"
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforfeited minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything in it,
And which is more—you'll be a man,
My son!

—Rudyard Kipling.

This Ad is Written to Women Who Want Real Garments---Real in Style---Real in Fit---Real in Quality---Yet Modest in Price

TO those women we have a message that is interesting... it is a message of SIEGEL garment distinction. To own one is to be assured of style, quality, perfect fit and garment satisfaction.

To the woman who really seeks a distinctive difference in her Coats and Suits, who want her wardrobe to look different than her friends, and yet wants nothing bizarre or extreme, who wishes its distinctiveness brought out by its clever style lines and its beautiful tailoring, we have the garments that are the solution of her problem.

Yourself and Mirror to be the Judge

We want you to come in and put these Coats and Suits to the test of a personal try-on and then let the mirror prove our assertions.

SIEGEL garments of distinction are as inexpensive as less favorably known garments. They must give satisfaction as the broad, square and fair business principles of this store is back of every garment that leaves the department—no matter what price it is.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that Thomas H. Jenkins, Youngstown, O., has been appointed and qualified Administrator of the estate of Mary Schwartz, late of Coltsville Township, Mahoning county, Ohio, deceased, by the Probate Court of said county. All persons interested will govern themselves accordingly.

JOHN W. DAVIS,
Probate Judge of Mahoning County,
October 4, 1913.



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A Blue X on the margin of the Dispatch means that payment of subscription account is desired.